The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLIII February 1, 1946 NUMBER 16

THE WEEK 395
NEO-FASCISM: ITALIAN SAMPLE *Max Ascoli* 398
WHILE SOAP SELLS *Frank and Betty Riley* 401
BACK TO THE BOTTLING PLANT *Tim O'Brien* 403
THE STAGE *Eleanor Clark* 405
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 406
THE OPERA SEASON *Chester Kallman* 407
BEFORE NORTH AFRICA *James MacGregor Byrne* 408
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 412
Lay My Burden Down — Passage to Glory (John Ledyard's America)

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924, with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1946 in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. AShland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year, Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 10c.

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Contact with Germany

FEW of the few Americans who worry much about Germany give evidence of having a thorough conception of the totality of the defeat which followed Germany's recent essay in total warfare. If one doesn't quite see and feel the unprecedented physical, institutional and mental wreckage of Germany as of spring, 1945, the bad stories of current conditions in Germany, now so many months after VE, threaten too paralyzing a case of despair. All reports confirm that conditions are unbelievably awful and far worse than they might have been if America had had a different policy, but considering what conditions were, that doesn't rule out vast improvement over early summer nor does it mean that many parts of German life have not been kept from falling as far as an observer would have feared they would last summer.

The reports on Germany in our papers are surprisingly inadequate. One reason, perhaps, is the difficulties which the Army experiences in getting back here full reports of its activities and difficulties in giving true and authoritative definition of the reliability of various confusing reports that do find publication in America. Last week, for instance, we echoed in general terms an alarming report about starvation in Germany and gave the ration in "a number of German cities" as 800 calories a day. A responsible officer, two days out of Berlin and from a position where he could know, informed us that that is by no means the picture in the American zone, throughout which the lowest diet averages about 1,500 calories a day and goes up to 3,000 with manual workers. Despite difficulties and inadequacies, the food situation in the American zone, and most likely in the British zone, is far better up to this time than had been anticipated. It is hard to know about the Russian area, but presumably that cannot be too far out of line.

Germany is not beyond hope. It is not too low down to demand rightfully the attention and directed efforts of people all over the world. And, under the aspect of twenty years from now as well as of eternity, it is dangerous not to take an active interest in Germany.

If we feel badly informed about conditions in Germany, if we feel disconcertinglv out of the picture, we would do well to consider immediately how terribly cut off the Germans have been and still are. They have been cut off in every way that disaster and policy could devise. A good thing is that internal postal and wire communications and in lesser degree railway and highway, have been built up remarkably under the Army over past months, but the Germans are still terribly isolated from the rest of the world. This imposed isolationism does not fit with all the talk about German re-education or with any thought of any education at all. We can't imagine any point of view that would not welcome a definite airing out of the German mentality in Germany with breezes from abroad, and every reasonable viewpoint we should think would welcome a genuine knowledge here of how the Germans are thinking and feeling. Germany desires and needs foreign books and magazines and papers and direct human intercourse with people from outside, and must have them if her people are to become less cussed in their way that exasperates and evidently threatens everybody else.

These foreign contacts for Germany ought not be provided solely by governments. Things are beginning to ease up a little now, and various bankers and business men and legislators and representatives of religious and welfare agencies have slowly been permitted or encouraged to travel into Germany. It is shocking that there is not already much more pressure among groups from the outside to travel into Germany. American Catholics, so far as we know, have so far had just two representatives who have visited Germany as such (not counting about one Catholic press representative and about one Catholic welfare worker and Catholic soldiers and others who were there on non-Catholic affairs). There is an obligation and an enormous opportunity for non-governmental organizations of all sorts to go to the Germans: labor, youth, educational, pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fessional, scientific and such outfits. Unfortunately, we know of no American Catholic youth or labor or professional or other organizations which are pestering the government to let their representatives through.

Strike Prospect

AS we go to press CIO industry-wide strikes have reached a new degree of intensity. In addition to steel, General Motors, electrical appliance, and packinghouse workers (of whom one-third or more are AFL) 230,000 shipbuilding workers are expected to go out within the next few days.

General Motors ignored the deadline set by the union for accepting the government fact-finding figure of 19½ cents an hour and the union demand jumped back to 30 cents an hour increase. Steel companies have refused another fact-finding of 18.5 cents an hour (as against their highest offer of 15 cents), while the packing and electrical industries have made little effort to come close to meeting the workers' demands. There is talk of government seizure of steel and packing plants in the national interest.

The wintry conditions under which picketing has been operating brought several demonstrations of good feeling at widely scattered plants. Some companies have provided shelter for pickets, while others have supplied food and drink. Generally speaking the head-bashing of earlier days is over; while the unions on their part are being urged by such organizations as the Civil Liberties Union to preserve their democratic right to demonstrate by refraining from the use of force—in such matters as barring access to management and maintenance employees. There have been incidents such as that of the Bethlehem Steel plant at Lackawanna, N. Y., where the union sent a small observation plane into the air following the use of planes by the management (the company declared, to bring milk and cigarettes). Yet, in the main, demonstrations have been orderly. Both strike and picket line now have an accepted status.

That seems to be about all that is mutually agreed upon. Managers and union leaders are poles apart as to basic principles. They differ sharply as to the methods for establishing wage levels, labor's place in the management of an industry, the road to prosperity and full employment, to about everything.

Labor itself is not unanimous by any means. AFL solons meeting currently in Miami manifest apprehension lest CIO strikes lead to crippling anti-union legislation. Some of these labor leaders oppose fact-finding and cooling-off periods as barriers to effective union action, although CIO steel workers and auto workers immediately accepted the findings of government investigators on their respective wage disputes. AFL leaders claim that they can obtain as good concessions by local negotiations as CIO does by industry-wide strikes, and with far less danger to the cause of labor.

There are plenty of indications that many industrial leaders are sticking to a now-or-never attitude. As we have said before in these pages, businesses which make a poor showing can get back vast sums from what they paid the Government in war profits taxes. It will never be easier for them to stand pat. Strike funds are admittedly limited. But will the public stand by and allow our major industries to stand idle, our chance for full-fledged reconversion to go glimmering, our returning servicemen and other workers to be reduced to mere subsistence? Something will be done.

For the long pull management and labor must come to a new concept of their relations and responsibilities. A real share in the ownership and management by the workers—or even by the union itself—would mean that decisions as to wages, hours and working conditions would be reached by a friendly intra-company discussion rather than through the present friction of frankly warring interests. This would seem to call for greater change in the thinking of management than on the part of labor, although there is far too little evidence that union leaders are eager to assume, even gradually, such direct responsibilities. Such a system would also require the rank and file to take a far more active interest in union affairs if their vital interests are to have adequate protection. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that too many of today's labor leaders believe that the way out in these matters is for the government to take over. Constructive proposals such as the Murray-Reuther industrial councils plan are all too infrequent on labor's part.

Thus in this strike-torn land the more ultimate is clearer than the immediate solution. Certainly without the pressure on jobs caused by unemployment and with a price structure that remains fixed, it is a different if not more difficult problem at the present moment. But if management remains obdurate to present worker demands, if it refuses any real give and take in its negotiations, the tendency will be to resort to government operation, at least until differences are ironed out. Also to supplant present conciliatory labor leadership by real extremists. All of us stand to lose if management tries to wreck the present union movement.

France and the General

WHEN this appears will M. de Gaulle be living in the country retired from all politics, no longer General, no longer President, candidly attending to his garden (it is hardly the season), or will he have been "called" again to power and will he have answered the call? At this writing it is impossible even to guess. The garden,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the club, are the places most suitable for any general after any war; meditation the most fitting occupation—even when there is a country that looks as if it might need a general, with or without uniform, to govern and save it. That appearance of needing a general has often deceived generals, and a country in this peculiar state has often looked at itself and been deceived also by its own appearance. The habit and aptitude for command are for war; in the peacetime government of a nation they fail, and that is all there is to it, or for a time they succeed and then, afterward, for a long time, the nation has to pull itself together again, start thinking again, all over again. Just so long as the hopes of a nation are centered in one man that nation is sleep-walking—and it is not so certain that people walking in their sleep never fall off the roof.

But France is not sleep-walking although, looking about her, it is probable that everything seems a nightmare; the five million French communists are not asleep; the five million French socialists are so divided and worried that they cannot sleep; the five million Popular Republicans wonder if they love the republic and are loved by the people; they are too restless to sleep. These fifteen millions who voted and the other millions—the sadly dwindling millions of French —who did not vote, know that their country has been wounded more deeply than Italy, than Germany, and if they think of sleep it is only as the dear sister of death.

Staying away or returning, M. de Gaulle cannot save his country. In the old framework of total national sovereignty it is not likely that France can be saved by anyone or can save herself. In European power politics France is lost. She has no population to weigh against the German population; she has not the money nor the arms. What happened to Poland has not happened to France but France can survive, Poland be reborn, only in a new society of nations, only in a new society within nations.

Since the voice of France is not strong in the councils of those who are engaged in forming the new society of nations—because they listen more attentively to the voice of the strong—it is toward the forming of a new society within the French nation that the French political parties and the French people are turning their greatest attention. This is the one part of their destiny that they feel that can immediately control. That is why it is entirely natural that the debate in the French parliament should be chaotic and France ungovernable by M. de Gaulle or by anyone else. Because it is easy enough to have quiet and orderly politics when you have a great margin of material safety, but it is impossible to have anything but the most agonized confusion when an exhausted country faces the uncertain future.

Ruthenian Persecution by Russia

THE long encyclical Pope Pius XII issued January 19 on the 350th anniversary (1596) of the reunion with Rome of the Ruthenian Church pronounces another judgment upon the variety of freedom enjoyed in East Europe. In the former Polish and Czechoslovakian areas (those countries, allied from the beginning with the enemies of Nazi Germany, are, of course, "victors" in the war), the Catholics are attacked and freedom of religion is cut away. In a manner commented upon at some length in THE COMMONWEAL (January 11), the present Patriarch and other members of the Russian Orthodox Church press desertion upon Ruthenian Catholics. Ruthenian Catholic bishops and priests, upon writing a letter to Soviet authorities about the hardships suffered by their Church, are put in prison. The Pope is concerned lest the new effort should result in drawing the people away from all organized religion.

"Political considerations [His Holiness said, according to the *Times* report] are the pretext under which this program is being carried out, with the suggestion that Catholics are enemies of the State." Religion is naturally just another political consideration and the Church another political institution of the state to a totalitarian government, and it is to be hoped that Catholics always will be enemies indeed of a state organism that politicizes religion and tries to dominate it for political ends with the strong arm of secular power. Again the Papacy, single-handed, must stand for liberty before a wave of temporal expediency.

Anti-Discrimination

WE hope that Senator Overton of Louisiana and his southern group will not think us unappreciative of their command of parliamentary practice, their poetical powers of improvisation or of their concern for the serious point of parliamentary freedom of debate, when we flatly deplore their filibuster to kill effort to set up a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission. War, FEPC and all, there is still too much discrimination against Negroes. It is intolerable that this discrimination should now increase, with gains made under the FEPC during the war crisis eliminated. If the southern senators are genuinely worried about implications and potentialities of the proposed bill in fields other than that of decent race relationships, then let them use their genuine political and parliamentary abilities, and the fund of patriotism and of concern for freedom and states' rights characteristic of the best southern statesmen, in an effort to get the law written right. It would be a more useful and hopeful job than trying to make the Congressional Record read like a best seller.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neo-Fascism: Italian Sample

Is a second version springing up in the home of the first?

Max Ascoli

THERE HAS been enough confusion about the word fascism, and its promiscuous use has been for some time a curse in our political life. And now, while fascism is still unburied and undefined, we have to cope with a new word that promiscuous usage has already made both a commonplace and a shibboleth: neo-fascism.

There is no need to quarrel about words, unless one indulges in the queer pleasure of semantics. Words can be checked according to the adequacy with which they describe unmistakable facts. And fascism, for one, is an unmistakable fact.

It means the breaking up of a political community into two parts: leadership and mob. The organs that make a people into a commonwealth, establishing some correlation between the way the people think and feel and the course the commonwealth takes, are cast aside as making for delay and confusion. Those organs are cumbersome, the technocrats of power say, they take time and leisure to be operated rightly, they divide the citizens into parties and groups rather than keep them all fused in the idea of national unity. What the aims and the demands of national unity are, that is something that the leaders know, and as a solace to the people they organize a large number of multi-ring circuses.

When the people are reduced to a populace, discarding the democratic tools in which their salvation lies, and are so debauched by lust of conquest as not to realize that they are marching to their doom, then we have fascism. Fascism is a name for the death of a modern political community. The relationship between citizens and leaders is no longer kept by political institutions acting as condensers and transformers of the people's will and of the leaders' purposes. In fascism, the identification between leaders and citizens is brought about immediately, through constantly heated and superheated enthusiasms. All isolating material and devices are discarded, and great fires occur. At the beginning the results are so striking as to give the illusion that a new way has been found to extract loyalty and labor out of men. Later it becomes clear that fascism, by shortcutting the organs that make the people into a commonwealth, has brought about a short circuit that destroys both.

Fascism is a form of national suicide, but it is suicide of a very peculiar sort, because the two elements that the fascist process has dissociated, leaders and mob, follow entirely different destinies. The leaders vanish or go into hiding, or escape by death a penalty for crimes which are beyond any human retribution. The people, who have been debased and reduced to the status of a mob, remain exposed to suffering beyond human endurance, which is neither an atonement for their sins nor a reparation for those whom they have harmed.

The spectacle of the ruined nations that have been defiled by fascism does not give, however, any indication or any assurance that the fascist plague has been eliminated from our world. It is obvious that only the nations that had been affected by a major degree of the plague have gone down to final destruction and consummation. Not every fascism has been embodied in such a hateful character as Adolf Hitler. Only the most violent and obvious kind of fascism in our times has gone out of existence; the one that fed its people with lust for imperial conquest and that made of them a weapon to wreck the world. The other types of fascism are still very much with us, in some countries actually, and potentially in many others.

It is here that the word neo-fascism becomes appropriate. It means a chastened fascism, too weak or too clever to follow the Hitler pattern. The element of newness comes from the fact that it is de-Hitlerized. It does not aim at empire and it can grow defensive and self-contained.

Yet the essential elements of fascism are there. The debasement of the people into populace and mob is brought about without the benefit of any striking leader or group of leaders. The essential thing is that the democratic process is the object of vilification, that it is constantly denounced as unworkable, and that the men capable of leading its revival are the objects of hatred and scorn. Neo-fascism does not need great leaders of its own, provided it nips in the bud potential democratic leadership.

One of the essential elements of fascism is its attempt to enforce prohibition of competitive politics. Politics is described as a racket run in the interests of unscrupulous or stupid racketeers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By establishing the prohibition of competitive politics, the price of political opposition becomes so high that very few men have character enough to afford the risk of payment. The men of the opposition, because constantly persecuted, have no chance of gaining any detailed knowledge of public affairs and remain confined in the generic realm of high moral principles. Neo-fascism, like the old imperialistic fascism, while preventing its opponents from acquiring any administrative knowledge or skill, exalts the competence of trained administrators—members of the monopolistic political party in the case of fascism proper, or just holdovers from previous dictatorships in the case of neo-fascism.

Fascism proper likes to assume grim and awe-inspiring features as testified by the square jaw, the ferocious look of Mussolini or by the awkward transcendental gaze of a Hitler. Neo-fascism, on the contrary, can be jolly and good-humored. It is essentially realistic. When it happens to be situated in a country that depends on foreigners for its life, it can be all smiles and helpfulness toward foreigners. Of course, it does not like foreigners; but the next best thing to having foreigners out of the way is to cater to them when they happen to be around so that they may always meet the native people of breeding and distinction or wealth with whom they should consort.

As a rule, in countries outside the Russian sphere, neo-fascism does not like Russia, and is always ready to trade heavily on any form of anti-communist bogey. But even more than anti-communism, its substantial, permanent characteristic is its hatred of democracy, of competitive political parties, and, above all, of those men who believe that democracy is the only healthy organization of a modern society. To attain these goals, neo-fascism tries to debase the people into a rabble kept happy and distracted with solaces and carnivals of all types. The best kind of carnival at present is poking fun at those who believe in democracy and have given the best of their lives to it. Franklin D. Roosevelt—along with Ferrucio Parri—has become one of the favorite targets of the Italian weekly, *l'Uomo Qualunque*.

There is something quite Levantine about neo-fascism. Above the great seething mass of ignorant, disorganized populace, the right foreigners, those who have wealth or influence, meet the right set of natives. On the denominator of corruption and vice, foreigners and natives, high and low, mix. It is as if the Levantine pattern that can be found in the backwash of the Mediterranean, in the Far East, were moving up toward the heart of Europe. In all the major Italian ports, it is said, there is something now of Shanghai.

Italy may be a defeated, prostrated nation. Yet, no one can deny that, in the last two or three decades, she has scored a considerable number of firsts. In the early 1920's, some Italian political desperadoes stumbled into the discovery of fascism. It was to a large extent accidental. Those adventurers were following the call of their lust for power when, at a certain moment, in the summer of 1925, they had to start running faster because they were involved in the Matteotti murder case and had to put themselves above the law to avoid being brought to court as ordinary criminals. Thus the fascist formula of the totalitarian state, with all its trimmings of corporativism, infallible Duce, and mob-supported leaders was discovered, and the pattern proved to be susceptible of almost universal application.

In 1943, Italy was the first nation to rid itself of fascism, and, as a consequence, she was the first Axis power to sue for peace. Fascism disappeared as it came into being, an unexpected result of ludicrous and tragic accidents. When it appeared, as well as when it fell, the outside world was dismayed at what was happening in Italy, and understood nothing. From beginning to end, it was the phoney masterpiece of remorseless impostors. The difference between the Italian and the German varieties of fascism is perhaps that German fascism was sheer murder all the time, while Italian fascism was a constant tragic farce with murder used only as an accessory to fraud.

Italian fascism, however, left behind something quite real—the utter ruin and demoralization of the Italian people. Here again Italy scored a first. She was the first country where the physical and moral ravages of fascism were exposed for everybody to see. Yet, liberation showed also groups of anti-fascist leaders at work, in every single community and region, old and young men who, during the whole length of the fascist régime, had cherished freedom and worked for it —a fact unparalleled in Europe.

Again today the Italian gift of grasping widespread feelings and giving them quick formulation is to be seen. At present, there is in Italy the most advanced neo-fascist movement in Europe. Its main organ is a weekly paper called *l'Uomo Qualunque* which is the Italian equivalent of the Common Man. Here again we can see that fascism, whether new or old, is democracy's nemesis. That much abused expression of the Common Man boomerangs against democracy.

L'Uomo Qualunque has proved to be a fantastically lucky break for its founder and sole writer, Guglielmo Giannini. Perhaps 800,000 copies, more probably 500,000 copies, are being sold each week in a country where, because of the breakdown of the communications system, many provinces in the North and in the South can hardly be reached by a paper published in Rome.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is a muckraking, scandal-mongering sheet. People who, for two decades, had to follow their leader unquestioningly, now, in the full glare of freedom, enjoy the sight of their new leaders being abused and vilified. For twenty years, Italians who wanted to re-establish their self-respect had no other recourse than to whisper to each other anti-fascist stories. Now they can speak ill of their government, of all their new leaders, loudly and indiscriminately. They can buy *l'Uomo Qualunque* and, walking about the streets, hold it ostentatiously in their hand. A few months ago, there used to be in Rome some newsdealers who kept their copies of *l'Uomo Qualunque* under the counter so as to charge black market prices.

Week after week, the same blend of half-truths, plausible lies and outright falsehood is offered to avid or amused readers. It is always the same song: Fascism is dead. It was no good. Now, instead of the one party, there are six, just about as bad and making for six times more evil. Nobody elected Mussolini and his gang. But who elected the new anti-fascist leaders? And what do these new leaders know about the business of government? And then the systematic character assassination, man by man, begins.

★

The plausible is by nature the closest neighbor and the deadliest enemy of the truth. Of course, most of the new leaders of Italy came to power with little or no experience in handling public affairs. And, naturally, it also happens that many a resistance leader, suddenly promoted to the rôle of public administrator, fails. But who, outside of the fascists, could acquire any political or administrative experience in Italy during the last twenty years? Here the weekly hammers its hardest and most insistent blows: it screams for men who know how, for experts, for administrators who are not hampered by political ideologies. It is dead set against politics, any kind of politics.

L'Uomo Qualunque is not, however, discourteous toward the Allies. Their acquaintance with the new anti-fascist leadership, *l'Uomo Qualunque* tells the Allies, is of recent date, and they still seem to be rather awkward in dealing with these leaders. But until a very few years ago, the Allies used to have very satisfactory relations with an entirely different set of Italians. The conclusions are inescapable. Certainly, the editor of *l'Uomo Qualunque* must be greatly cheered by the respect and glamor which, in the United States, still surround the memory of the late Galeazzo Ciano.

In the last few weeks, *Il Senso Commune* (Common Sense), a daily paper, has come out to flank the work of Giannini's weekly. *L'Uomo Qualunque* groups are being organized, so they say, in many sections of the country, particularly in the Southern and Central regions. It is impossible to say exactly what it all amounts to, but there is no doubt that the movement is widespread and that the rabble is being hugely entertained. The mob spirit is kept up by gales of laughter. Unquestionably, the editor of *l'Uomo Qualunque,* a former playwright, is a good gag writer.

The Allies have little to say, aside from being, as usual, puzzled. For one thing, *l'Uomo Qualunque* repeats the slogans of many an English or American Colonel Blimp: "What we need is efficiency and men who know how to do a job, not untrained politicians." In addition, the Allies do not know exactly how to define as fascist a trend or a movement which is not imperialistic. Indeed, *l'Uomo Qualunque* proclaims itself to be anti-fascist and calls everybody else a fascist. But it aims at creating a condition of things where the people who know how, the remnants of the old fascist leadership, may become the men of destiny. There are many of these men in and out of Italy—Grandi in Portugal, for instance, and others safely tucked away.

By clearly recognizing Allied supremacy, *l'Uomo Qualunque* tends to put all Italian problems in the lap of the Allies. What they have to do is to support the "right kind" of Italians, and dismiss the anti-fascist leaders. Then, Italy will become again a good place in which to live. There is sun, there is music, there is laughter, and there is love. That old Italian type, the *lazzarone,* the local type of bum, comes forward and gives the people a hearty laugh. It is quite fitting that in our times he looks like a gentleman and wears a monocle.

At the end of the Renaissance, when the Italians did not succeed in making themselves into a nation, the rabble used to sing: "Viva La Francia! Viva La Spagna! pur ché se magna!" (Long Live France! Long Live Spain! provided we eat!") Now, with so little food around, and so much fun poked at politics and freedom, the old cry could become the slogan of the neo-fascists. If they succeed, which certainly will not happen without civil war, Italy will become a Levantine nation, a breeding ground for adventurers and a center of insecurity for the whole world. Italians have already confirmed in recent times their remarkable aptitude for being the first in doing good or evil.

Less than three years ago, the Allies went into Italy—first of all European countries to be invaded—to bring freedom and democracy. Already a condition has been created in that country where large masses of people, the first of their kind in Europe, seem to find that freedom is wonderful and then use it to tear to pieces the men who believe in it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While Soap Sells

Why so many radio commercials in a day

Frank and Betty Riley

WE ASKED a veteran returned from fourteen consecutive months along the coast of New Guinea about his reaction to the radio. He had not heard any American stations during that time. Only the Army's jungle network, an occasional, faint Australian broadcast and—before V-J day—Tokyo Rose. He said he found them all more entertaining than most of the stuff he had heard since he returned. He thought that even Tokyo Rose, in her heyday, put in fewer plugs for Nippon than our commercial broadcasters do for their products. He thought that most propaganda was more interesting—and about as truthful.

Specifically, his objections were: 1) exaggerated claims, 2) tiresome length, 3) nerve-racking repetition, 4) jarring frequency, and 5) the ridiculous mixture of history-making news with pills and sublime music with soap and small loans.

How many commercials does a station broadcast every day? We experimented with a Baltimore station picked at random. This station put out 274 *separate* commercials from 8 a.m. to 12 midnight, an average of one every three minutes and thirty seconds. We found another Baltimore station averaged a commercial every three minutes fifty-four seconds during a similar broadcast day. A third Baltimore station broadcast seventeen soap operas in a five-hour period. There were seventy-six commercials during that time, an average of one every three minutes thirty-six seconds.

Our friends in St. Louis checked up on one of their stations and found it put out 320 commercials from 7 a.m. to 12 midnight, or an average of one every three minutes twelve seconds.

We knew that radio was big business but we found that actually its revenue had increased about eight thousand percent in seven years. In the one year 1943-44 local stations sold 43 percent more time and the networks 26 percent more time. So we had to listen to that many more commercials in 1944 than in 1943. The formula is: broadcasters' profit = our loss.

As long as soap sells, apparently it does not matter what the ordinary listener would like to have on the radio. Everyone remembers how the networks canceled their commercial programs on the weekend following President Roosevelt's death. On the Monday following, a Baltimore citizen wrote to the local paper: "It is a shame to think it took the death of the President of the United States to get some good music on the radio." The broadcasters' attitude seems to be let them eat cake—let them enjoy what is given them because we pay for it. The listener is consulted only when the broadcasting companies hire a poll-taking agency to be sure that ads are being heard, that the audience "is being delivered to the advertisers." The findings regarding the public's attitude toward commercials naturally are not published, but reserved for the companies who pay for them. However the result of one such poll *was* published recently and it shows that 70 percent of New York men and 65 percent of New York women would prefer their radio without any commercials.

The basic law for American radio is the Federal Communications Act of 1934. It makes the airwaves just as much public property as the great rivers of the country. We *own* them through our government and the Federal Communications Commission is trustee for us. The pretentious chrome and glass-brick radio stations and networks housed in "radio cities" have no more ownership of their frequencies than have the steamboat companies ownership of the waters they traverse. The law plainly states that licenses to broadcast shall be issued only "if public convenience, interest or necessity shall be served thereby." They are issued for a maximum of three years. Anyone granted a license to broadcast must sign a waiver "of any claim to the use any particular frequency or of the use of the ether as against the regulatory power of the United States because of the previous use of the same, whether by license or otherwise." So there are no squatter's rights in radio.

The patient American public does not seem to realize that it owns the airwaves and of course the broadcaster, peddlers of pills, and all of the other powerful but small groups who benefit thereby, are glad that the public does not realize it. In many tests of the Federal Communications Act before the Supreme Court, the power of the Government to regulate broadcasting has always been upheld. The law was a good one in stating general aims. But if one must judge by the quan-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tity and quality of radio commercials, the Act should have been more specific in order effectively to protect the public. The law gave its enforcement agency, the FCC, too much latitude.

As a result licenses have been revoked by that body only for criminal or quasi-criminal offenses by station owners. Revocations of license have been rare although each of the 950-odd stations must reapply for permission to broadcast every three years. Although the commission *has* kept criminals out of radio it has never made a thoroughgoing effort on behalf of public interest, convenience and necessity, or so that the public's time would not be stolen or its good sense and good taste insulted.

A recent tactic of the FCC brings to mind the mother who is always threatening to discipline her unruly child but never actually does so. The commission announced that *in the future* radio stations which have been allowing commercials to crowd out time originally planned for non-commercial programs will have to revise program allotments if they hope to retain licenses. When radio was young the FCC was much too lenient. Now it is difficult to crack down, even though it is entirely within FCC's legal rights *and duties* to refuse renewal of license to a broadcaster—and reissue that wave length to another applicant—when abuses warrant it.

There is dire need for a definition of the three terms—public convenience, interest and necessity—as applied to radio broadcasting. To attempt to measure a station's program content on the basis of sustaining and commercial time, as the FCC tries to do, is utterly ineffective. The reason for this is that a commercial program, as its name implies, is time bought by someone with a message. But a sustaining program is not at all what its name implies. It is supposed to be a program for the benefit of the public but it is actually interrupted by spot commercials.

The Baltimore station which had 274 plugs in a sixteen-hour broadcasting day had declared, on its latest application, that its program time was 67 percent commercial and 33 percent sustaining. That was the basis for the FCC's decision that it was broadcasting in the public's interest, convenience and necessity. In fact, so long as it clings to the out-moded concepts of "sustaining" and "commercial" the public's trustee has no adequate standards or measuring device. From the listener's seat there is no difference between the two.

The broadcasting companies have all of the beauty of music on their side. The artistry displayed in a few dozen programs every week so delights us that we give all the credit to the stations and sponsors instead of to the artists who create the beauty, the government which so wisely made radio right-of-ways public property, and ourselves who ultimately pay for all programs. There is every indication that the few sustaining or unsponsored programs which the stations and networks still have (at undesirable hours) get scant attention. The rule is to assign commercial sponsors to the best entertainment and give them the best available time. Good music is not much used because each selection takes too long and does not allow enough time for commercials. Furthermore the contrast between great music or drama and the grotesqueness of most plugs is too strong. The disproportion would arouse protest and backtalk from the listeners, the last thing the broadcasters want to hear.

Radio was twenty-five years old last year. In that quarter of a century, it has become nearly indispensable in the American home; yet with depressions and wars it seems that there has been no time properly to regulate it. Radio's development, like that of the American railroads, has made fortunes for a few dozen people and of course the public foots the bill. We, the millions, are still so taken with the marvel of radio transmission that we are not loud in our criticism of anything that comes over it. Except for the FM stations radio is at its last frontier. If you want to start a radio station now, the FCC will be forced to tell you that all of the desirable wave lengths are taken up. Anyone with experience in radio will tell you so, in spite of the fact that on VJ-day there were about four hundred applications awaiting only equipment to start new broadcasting on the less desirable wave lengths, i.e., frequencies on which relatively few people can be reached. This circumstance causes good radio stations to sell nowadays at prices which have no relation to the value of their tangible assets.

KHQ, Spokane, was sold for $1,295,000, although liquid assets were but $445,000. WINS has assets of $160,000. But Crossley Corp. wanted to pay $1,700,000 for it because it grossed $450,000 in 1944. When the Blue Network was ordered sold by FCC, its tangible assets consisted of three stations, plus contracts with a great many others, each dependent on a license revocable by FCC. The original cost of equipment and real estate for all three stations was $856,627. The Blue sold to Mr. Noble for $8,000,000, half of which he put up himself and half of which he borrowed. Mr. Noble then became The American Broadcasting Company. The transaction is more or less typical of present-day radio finance.

★

Most stations and networks are owned by a very few people. The Baltimore station with the 274 plugs a day is owned by five individuals, four of whom are in one family. Our reference to this one station is not intended to show how bad it is. A cursory look at the applications of other sta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions in the FCC files shows it to be more or less typical.

Since everybody knows that the FCC has never revoked a license, merely because the public interest, convenience and necessity were not served, the owners of networks and radio stations are able to enjoy a monopoly in that they know they will not have any additional competition. All good frequencies have been assigned and all the good time has been sold. At least it is unlikely that broadcasters would dare to average a commercial oftener than once in every three or four minutes.

Excessive commercialization in radio has no direct or easy solution. There was much debate between the wars over the possibility of government operation of radio, as in Great Britain. The American people seemed to reject the idea then, as they probably would now. They have a canny fear of radio being used as an instrument of propaganda by a power-greedy government. They recognize that concentration of radio operations in the hands of the federal government would be a threat to free speech.

If radio is to be improved for the ordinary listener, it looks as if the initiative will have to come from the ordinary listener. The 89 percent of American families who own radios might improve their programs in several ways:

1.) Boycott of objectionable advertisers. This is likely to be ineffective. There has never yet been a really effective consumers' strike because of lack of organization of consumers.

2.) Municipal Radio. New York's city-owned radio station is 22 years old this year. *It has no commercials.* The cost to each of New York's seven and one-half million people is about one and one-half cents per year. The station uses less than one one-hundredth of one percent of the city's total budget. More than 56 percent of WNYC's broadcast hours are devoted to fine music. WNYC carries more "live" music than any station in New York, where so many of the network programs originate. Why should not other cities have such an excellent public service? Municipal control avoids the danger of federal control; it solves the problem of who pays, without putting a burden on anyone.

3.) Appeals to Congress. Appeals by sincere individuals to their congressmen to amend the Federal Communications Act of 1934 to put teeth in the clause which reads "in the public interest, convenience and necessity," so that it should be effective. Require stations to devote one-third of their time to sustaining programs. Require different stations within the same area to use a different time each day for their sustaining programs so that a non-commercial program would always be available. Required standards for sustaining programs be legislatively defined.

4.) Appeals to the FCC. That agency's budget for 1945 was $5,001,400. Over $2,500,000 of that sum was used for FCC's normal job, the balance for special war work. The operation of this bureau costs each person in the United States one and nine-tenths cents a year for its normal operation, or four-tenths of a cent more than WNYC costs the people of the City of New York for a year's service.

We are not getting our money's worth from FCC. It is moved only by small, powerful pressure groups. The quality of the personnel on the commission must be improved. The commission could help matters a lot merely by defining commercial and sustaining programs and requiring that the licensees adhere to their application promises. Here is a suggestion for a definition: The sustaining programs should have no commercials or plugs of any kind from beginning to end. Their minimum length should be one hour. Their quality must be at least comparable to that of the commercial programs. At least one-third of each day must be devoted to sustaining programs. Each station in a given area should each day devote a different third of its broadcast time to sustaining programs.

Back To The Bottling Plant

TIM O'BRIEN

IT HAS BEEN three weeks now since I've been home from the wars and in the groove of a work-a-day living. At work I see many like myself, with part of their working clothes khaki or olive drab. The jobs are mostly mechanical, monotonous efforts and there is time for reflection and the assimilation of all the newest developments and trends.

In the locker rooms and in the nearby diner the veterans re-hash the war. Inevitably, a veteran will reveal some plan he had concocted for a new form of occupation, recalling the magic spell cast over him by the many orientations on the G.I. Bill of Rights. Now they bemoan the fact that they are back in the old line, starting into motion when the black button is pressed and, eight hours later, ceasing motion when the red one is pressed.

Maybe I'd better start right off about those buttons and their significance. In our place everything is ultra-modern and the highly-geared bottling machines and the labyrinth of conveyor belts work together for peak production, so many of the jobs are continuous motion, the speed being gauged by the machines. The men are actually an extension of the machines. There is no stopping for a breather lest there should be jam-ups that result in difficult undoing and perhaps the loss of a job or two. A man just gets into the swing of automatic motion and keeps at it until a relief man or the man on the next shift jumps in to take over.

While many of us were overseas a lot of changes took place. Women were used on many jobs, even though most of them were unfit for women. The women have all been let out. All the production units were overhauled and speeded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up a great deal, and a walk around the plant reveals the number of jobs that have been eliminated by some mechanical improvement. In many cases jobs were eliminated in the name of manpower shortage and men had to double up on the work. Despite war's end doubling up continues.

New check-up systems have been added. Indicators all along the conveyors mark those who have slipped behind in any of the multiple operations. There are dating systems, too, for rechecking even months later. Two ten-minute rest periods in a shift have been maintained but part of the ten minutes is spent in long walks to a time clock to punch in and out. A minute over on the rest cards means being called "on the carpet." I notice the new signs which call for "Silence" despite the fact that nerve-racking assortments of noises forbid any such time-passing aid as conversation.

The union leadership is the same. It is the old business type of AFL union. We are affiliated with the Teamsters and as in all Teamster locals the wages are fairly high. But the tragedy here is that a good hourly wage seems to blind all to so many evils that cry out for correction. For instance, the management has the right arbitrarily to suspend or fire, and to speed up and exact an inhuman effort from the men. Aged men of many years service are on the spot, and we must all acquiesce to every technological displacement without a murmur of protest.

Despite a long period of unionization, contractual relations are always taut. The union outlook was forged in those sturdy days when its whole system of action consisted of "give us that increase or we walk out." The high hourly rate serves the management as a bludgeon against smaller plants in this area who have their backs against the wall and will be forced out soon.

In looking around me I can readily see that we have not progressed with the times. Now and then I read of the far-reaching programs of many unions treating the control of production speed, pensions, credit-unions and labor-management relations. In our local there is a sort of caste system whereby only a small part of the membership has voting rights. We have a situation where men of two and three years' service cannot feel themselves a part of their union or have any measure of job security.

What about this idea of night work? It looks like working all night is now a permanent institution. When outfits like the one I work for expand and go out for a monopoly position it is necessary to produce day and night to meet consumer demands. When workers go around the clock in three shifts it means they have free evenings only one week out of three. We speed and speed to eliminate men and those that remain must give their nights.

Is there a brighter note? Well, there is a certain humor that has developed out of the speed-up system. Ridicule in this light is a good form of propaganda and develops a consciousness of the evils at hand. One man has paced the number of steps from all points in the plant to the rest rooms and one fellow wore a broken indicator on his leg all one night. One can laugh in the same way one laughed at the film "Modern Times." Among our workers are a few who attend the Xavier Labor School run by the Jesuits and a few have had contact with the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. (Of course they can only attend one night in three weeks because of the shifts.) The socially-conscious minority are forming a vanguard and are the ones who offer a bit of resistance to the company policies and hack away patiently at the archaic ritual of our union meetings.

Our social apostles are quick to analyze the new change and expansion plans of the company. Their propaganda about the new buildings with more machinery for more production with far less men is given a wide word-of-mouth circulation. Just recently their bulletin board clippings included a report on one corporation that never suffered a strike due to having a "sliding scale" wage clause in the contract. Many little items showing needed reforms or what could be done are culled from the newsprints and from their school literature. Not long ago a quotation from Pope Pius XI dealing with the wrongs of machine control of men was posted and won considerable comment.

The little nucleus has done a great work whether they realize it or not. They have planted new attitudes and have harped away for new proposals in the coming contract renewals. They talk it up in the diner and locker rooms for removal of hazards, control of the speed, humane treatment, more regard for the aged and a whole host of union and company reforms. Their big topic of discussion recently was the listing of our top officials among those with incredibly high incomes.

When I returned I had an unjustifiable belief that returning veterans would revolt against the rigid discipline of our modern, ruthless set-up. I have since observed that the veterans have slipped quietly back into their old places, assuming their place as though they had been gone for only a day or so. However, this does not mean that the sharp contrast between military life and the industrial routine has not had some effect. It shows itself in what I offer as a typical statement, "If it wasn't for the family, I'd re-enlist tomorrow."

One gratifying aspect of the rejoining of the veterans is that there is no ill feeling for those who stayed behind. It is realized that those who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stayed here had their own privations and the veterans openly admit that, counting out the hazards of the front lines, the Army offered otherwise a relief from the machines and night work. Some of those who stayed did manage to make savings through bond-buying on the payroll savings plan. Now the management tells the negotiating committee that this ability to have deductions indicates that the men are getting sufficient take-home pay. That's one way to look at war bonds.

Life goes on in its routine way at the plant. Sometimes it feels as though there was no war at all; just a short time out and back again into the swing of work. But the absence does bring out the meaning of many changes and their effect. Those who stayed behind hardly saw the changes as they happened over a period of time. A returning man sums them all up over one cup of coffee and his summation gives an idea of where an ambitious, expanding industry is going. Out of it all has come some talk of shortening the work week to cope with the many technological advances. New thoughts seep in and a new awareness which will one day spell out new changes.

The Stage & Screen

BRIEF: The following horizontal (hospital) digest and *its* following generous piece at least assures this column's traveling from sum to substance this week, a fact for which I am sternly grateful to friends, editors, and each one of the press people concerned. Handclasps all.

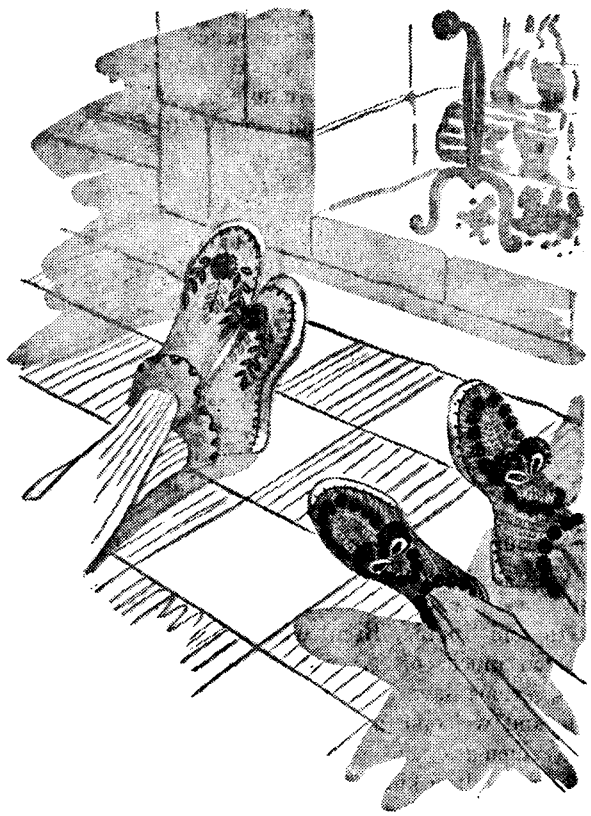
The Desert Song: considered hearsay has it that the present movers of the lovely Romberg score are packing them in. (*At the City Center.*)

Showboat: bigger and longer than remembered, but still a beautiful show. I don't think the island excellencies of Pearl Primus's dancing fit, and I don't think Howard ("Fretwork") Bay's settings are adequate. On the other hand, an eager young cast lifts the business out of nostalgia into work, and I think it is possible to say that with this revival a style has come full circle, regardless of Hollywood maunders or Broadway's further ditto. (*At the Ziegfeld.*)

Billion Dollar Baby: the one musical based on the idea that everyone, on both sides of the foots, is alive. In spite of the subtle Morton Gould score, the Sharaff costumes, the Robbins stepping (not the long ballet, note.), the Comden-Green book, Mitzi Green, and the wonderful "Lovely Girl" number, I still claim butter, sugar, and soap-flakes should go first of all to the young producers, Feigay and Smith. Herewith the groceries, and of course, "forks and hope." (*At the Alvin.*)

The Would-Be Gentleman: Mr. Bay's busy backing does not match the Sharaff dress, and otherwise, the direction is lamentable. But if the prospect of Bobby Clark

B. ALTMAN & CO.



AFTER ICE, COLD AND SNOW

Mocasox*

it's almost magical the way you can feel their cozy warmth the second your toes slip into them. Gayly colored wool, whimsically hand-embroidered, reaching to your ankles. Sizes small, medium or large.

left: hand-decorated socks in white, yellow, powder blue, rose; sheep-shearling soles, pair **2.95**

right: hand-crocheted slippers in yellow, red, rose; sheep-shearling soles, pair **3.95**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. hosiery, main floor

B. Altman & Co. Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a pale Aunt Jemima snood, crying, "I feel finical from head to foot!" stirs you, I think you'll find the elongated evening worth it. (*At the Booth.*) K. P.

The Winter's Tale

THE Theatre Guild has launched its Shakespeare company artfully and in good taste with this most brooding of comedies, whose jumble of sickly depths and innocence does not in just this year call for any great tour de force of staging or understanding. The difficulties of mood that must have helped to deter a generation of producers seem manageable enough, and the production is serene, with unstartling sets, a good two-act arrangement and cutting only for pace. At the intermission, Jessie Royce Landis as Hermione and especially Florence Reed as Pauline have just given the trial scene a quite unexpected noblesse, and one's disappointment is that much keener as the tonic dribbles away in the second act. It is partly, of course, that to our sorrow sorrow weathers better than jokes, also the tale becomes tedious, which couldn't be helped although the shepherds' scene at least is properly noisy and gay and very skilful in the matter of motion. But the brunt of this happy part of the plays falls for too long on Kurt Richards, the clown, who relies heavily on mere gawkiness and the literal showing of his teeth, and Romney Brent who makes the most, that is, rather too much, of the part of Autolucus the rogue. A more serious flaw, certainly the worst in this generally capable and welcome production, is that Henry Daniell plays a cinematic and psychologicaly jerky Leontes, so that the unhealthy king's shadow fails to fall when he is not on the stage and when he is his "weak-hing'd fancy," so beautifully compounded in the Text, appears as little better than a gothic plot-device. A weak-looking man could perhaps convey the point more easily but there are many clues ignored: surely "No, I'll not raise another's issue" suggests a previous moment of hesitation or horror; and Mr. Daniell seems prey to nothing when he changes his mind. His king repents to keep the story going. And it cannot be said that a more complex rendering of the part would make the play too much a Hamlet for the lighter affair it is; this way it is not gayer but flatter, and the tale after all is a winter's one. However, the king has a pleasantly royal step, Miss Reed can always hold the stage and does, and altogether one hopes for more evenings of this much charm and substance. (*At the Cort.*)

ELEANOR CLARK.

Celluloid Humor

THERE have been some pathetic attempts at comedy on our screens lately. Fun, such as it is, is supposed to be derived from dubious jokes about sex; and the butt of these jokes is frequently marriage or the state of being married. These films are usually pretty tiresome and not worth much attention. An obvious example is based on the old play, *"Getting Gertie's Garter."* Running on and on endlessly with its silly story about an absent-minded scientist who tries to recover a garter he once gave to a luscious model, the picture involves a vapid group of people, including, besides these two, the scientist's jealous wife, the model's jealous fiancé, the married couple through whose house there is much chasing in and out of bedrooms, and a butler and a maid. Doubles entendres fly like mad. Two minutes of explanation could have ended the picture at any point (preferably the beginning) but then there would have been no plot on which to hang devices like the screamingly unfunny episode in which the couples get further scrambled in the stable and emerge with wisps of straw in their hair. And the pun: "Give me libertines or give me death," belongs back in the musty period when this farce was written, or give me death.

The presence of Rosalind Russell, Lee Bowman and Charles Winninger in *"She Wouldn't Say Yes"* gave great promise, but the foolish story with which they had to struggle was most discouraging. Roz, playing a psychiatrist (referred to as a "mental peeping Tom") falls in love, but doesn't know it, with Lee, who is a cartoonist and creator of the Nixie, a doll that whistles and tells people to be themselves by throwing inhibitions to the winds. As a doctor, our unethical heroine treats patients like guinea pigs, so she deserves the treatment she gets from Lee. But we don't deserve having to watch such nonsense as the scene in which Lee tricks Rosalind into marriage by making her think the judge is batty. After all, there are limits to what we want to see even attractive women like Rosalind Russell act in and as. Professional psychiatrists would have every right to be furious at the rôle's implications, but the script saves itself by stating that this female psychiatrist hasn't been psychoanalyzed for six or seven years, and that's bad.

The story in *"Pardon My Past"* is amusing enough, but unfortunately the picture moves slowly and has little cinema value. Because Eddie York, a returned veteran, looks exactly like Francis Pemberton, a wealthy playboy (Fred MacMurray in both rôles), an irate gangster who has been cheated by the playboy takes Eddie to the Pemberton place to collect some dough. The Pemberton family, also confused by the resemblance, accepts Eddie but is further confused because he is such a regular guy and Francis is a spoiled, spineless heel. Before the story has run its course, Eddie straightens up most of the tangles that Francis caused, even unites Francis with his estranged wife (Rita Johnson) and falls in love with Francis's secretary (Marguerite Chapman). Embellishing this slight plot are some brilliant comedy portrayals by William Demarest as Eddie's pal and Akim Tamiroff.

One of these days we shall be seeing even scatterbrained Private Hargrove returning to set things to right again in good old USA. For the present this extraordinary soldier is still fighting the war. In *"What Next, Corporal Hargrove?"* he continues his farcical adventures in the army, an organization that will never completely understand Hargrove but this time comes to appreciate him. Because the soldier's naïve sweetness won the major's daughter (Jean Porter) in a little French town that Hargrove and his squad stumbled into by mistake, Corporal Marion Hargrove is assigned to public relations. And a good job he does with the help of his ever-scheming friend, Private Mulvehill. Robert Walker, with his delightful shyness, and Keenan Wynn, with his positive assurance, make the most of the funny

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

script; and Director Richard Thorpe allows the farce to run free and fast. The situations aren't always plausible, but they are almost always laugh provoking, and who can ask for more?

Anyone who would like to see some real shots of France and an exceptionally good movie as well, should run to see *"It Happened at the Inn."* This, the first picture to be made in France since the war, is a comedy-melodrama and very hard to describe, because, like so many French films, it follows no precedent except to be in the French tradition and to be chock full of little realistic touches and good humor that is very lifelike. It is about a very screwy family, all of whom have descriptive nicknames for each other and are amazingly frank in their family squabbles and surprisingly lively in seeing each person as he is. The family ranges from the Emperor who is 106 years old and thought to be dead in one scene, but he fools his relatives, to Primrose, a lovely young girl whom the family hopes will marry the son from Paris. The young man arrives from the big city and turns out to be not a big shot but a tie salesman. Then the poor fellow, rightly frightened by the strange carrying on in the family, has further cause for alarm when he's accused of murdering his aunt and making off with the hidden treasure that's been somewhere around the house for years. The script is in French of course (with English titles) and it covers a wide range from serious drama to high comedy. Perhaps the closest American counterpart to all this is "You Can't Take It With You," but the French treatment has the advantage of being less slick and more unreasonable. But because its characters have more depth, including strains of meanness, their doings are really more reasonable. The cast, directed by Jacques Becker, is excellent and seems, as is so often the case in French films, not to be acting at all but to be living their lives right before the camera. Of course "It Happened at the Inn" (called "Goupi Mains Rouges" in France) won't appeal to moviegoers who insist on Hollywood glamor, but anyone who likes cinema to have a strong kinship to life should not neglect this film which is doubly welcome because it proves that the French have not lost their touch and it gives promise of more good things to come.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Opera Season

A Question of Clothes

IT HAD never occurred to me to question the costumes worn by the singer who performed the rôle of Don Giovanni, since that singer had for years been Ezio Pinza; so that, attending a performance a few weeks ago in which John Brownlee assumed the rôle, I found myself not only questioning but seriously perturbed. Mr. Brownlee was much more impressively dressed than Mr. Pinza had been: gilded boots, embroidery, plumes—the whole décor of a gallant-about-town. The décor, however, of Hamlet's Osric, not of Don Giovanni. For Giovanni is not by any means a wealthy "sharpie"; he is, if I may shift the image, lit from within rather than from without. The dim light cast by the mediocrities that surround him is not thrown brilliantly and recognizably back at them by a spangle; it meets, at first, only a similar grayness (the color, incidentally, of Mr. Pinza's cloak), an air almost anonymous and humble, neat to extinction. Then he moves, he asserts himself from within, he makes a barely perceptible departure from what his clothing allows one to expect—and he is recognized. Naturally the effect is surprising: *"Don Ottavio, son morta!"*

Not that Mr. Pinza is perfection. He is too worried at moments, but only at moments. Mr. Brownlee was in a fret most of the evening that reminded me more of someone who had just missed the last trolley for Yonkers than of a temporarily thwarted libertine. There is only one moment when Giovanni is seriously worried and that worry shows itself in an interestingly slight way. When he enters the graveyard that contains the statue of the Commandant, he is in Leporello's cloak. This has allowed him to escape from the crowds that are searching for him. But now he is in the presence of the dead, in the presence of the eternity his life is conscious defi-

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
The Theatre Guild Shakespearean Company in a new production of
THE WINTER'S TALE
HENRY DANIELL · FLORENCE REED · JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
ROMNEY BRENT · WHITFORD KANE
Staged by B. IDEN PAYNE & ROMNEY BRENT
CORT Thea · 48th E. of B'way. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Effie Afton
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel · Joseph Buloff · Betty Jane Watson · Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

DRAMA CRITICS AWARD *YEAR'S BEST PLAY*
Eddie DOWLING and Louis J. SINGER present
Laurette TAYLOR and Eddie DOWLING
IN
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
PLAYHOUSE, W. 48th Street. Eves. 8:40; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.40

"BEAUTIFULLY CAST AND DIRECTED . . . ADULT, ENLIGHTENED, MOVING, THRILLING."
—PHELAN, Commonweal.
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
by ARNAUD d'USSEAU and JAMES GOW
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
FULTON Thea. 46 St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance of. Here his defiance shows in his worry, for when Leporello appears outside the graveyard wall in Giovanni's cloak, Giovanni takes it from him before he allows him to enter. He is afraid that his *own* anonymity might be confused in the eye of the eternal. His disguise has succeeded in the world; should it succeed for all time, then he has been pitting himself against a power not worth his self-torturing bother. His lack of faith insists upon the gray cloak that is his individual lack of faith. He takes no chances in overcoming chance.

A Complaint

ALL PROGRAMS of the Metropolitan contain the statement: "The correct libretto is on sale in the lobby." I am positive others have made complaints, but I add mine, because this statement simply is not true. Although I have not been at all thorough in my examination, I have noticed many discrepancies between what is presented or omitted on the Metropolitan stage and in their "correct" librettos. Just to mention what I have noticed so far this season: "Rigoletto," "Meistersinger," "Hoffman," "Don Giovanni" and "Barbiere" are all inaccurate or incomplete. There are more, and it certainly is about time they were corrected.

CHESTER KALLMAN.

Before North Africa

JAMES MACGREGOR BYRNE

THOUGH many of his readers will not share Mr. Kenneth Pendar's strong anti-de Gaulle convictions, no one interested in our relations with the French will regret the time spent reading his first book, "Adventure in Diplomacy,"* in which he tells the absorbing tale of his mission in North Africa (1941-1943).

Mr. Pendar formed part of a small group of control officers recruited by the State Department and sent to North Africa to supervise the importation of supplies from the United States and do intelligence work. Briefed in only the sketchiest fashion by the State Department in their new duties, Mr. Pendar makes no effort to conceal the fact that he and his non-career colleagues were diplomatically the merest babes-in-the-woods upon their arrival and, moreover, were never allowed by most of our career officers stationed there to forget the fact for an instant. One cannot, therefore, help deriving a vicarious satisfaction as we follow Mr. Pendar's trail from his first hesitant foot-steps in the foyer of our Consulate in Casablanca through an ascending spiral of excitements and successes to the really glamorous events that were in store for him. The tale, after taking us on a brief tour over Morocco to glimpse the web of intrigue that extended everywhere from remote market-places to the palaces of Pashas, transfers us on the eve of the landings to Algiers where Mr. Pendar was to work close to Mr. Murphy.

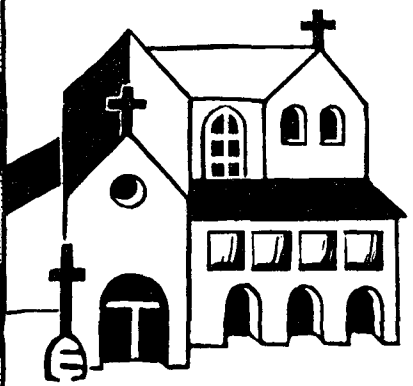
His narrative of what took place the night of the landing, a night during which he was to play an active and useful rôle, is a memorable one. Mr. Pendar was the person charged with the task of fetching General Juin (Commander of all French Forces in North Africa under Vichy and now Chief of Staff of the French Army under de Gaulle) and Darlan, and bringing them to Murphy's villa a few hours before our troops were scheduled to land. Armed with a note from Darlan, he was then sent down to the port where he appears to have been instrumental in persuading Admiral Leclerc, Commander of French Naval Forces in Algiers, not to fire upon our approaching vessels. Finally he was present and served as interpreter at the act of surrender of the French to General Ryder, Commander of the American forces in that sector. The climax of this colorful tale comes when Mr. Pendar, by the merest chance, finds himself slated to act as host in the villa of Marrakech, where he lived, first to practically the entire Allied High Command including General Marshall, Admiral King, Field Marshal Sir John Dill, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, General Arnold, General Somervell and others; and then to two unusually distinguished overnight guests, namely Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt. In whatever manner it were told, such a story could not well be dull; Mr. Pendar tells it with modesty, perception, and wit.

So much for the book as a personal narrative. It is clear however that the author desires that it serve a more important purpose than that of mere entertainment. Interwoven throughout the book with the story of his own personal experiences is a discussion of our whole French North African policy. Mr. Pendar is possessed with the notion that General de Gaulle is a fascist at heart and that his elevation to power would carry with it the most dire and tragic consequences. This theory was widely held by others.

There is insufficient space here to go into the minutiae of this question, although of course to deal with the subject intelligently one should. Although Mr. Pendar has made out a strong case against de Gaulle, he has not, in my opinion, proven that de Gaulle either wants or is able to establish a fascist state. However, many of his allegations of fact are so serious that they cannot wisely be left unanswered by de Gaulle's supporters. The general burden of these charges is that de Gaulle was more interested in establishing a political system on the *"fuehrer-prinzip"* with himself as its center and sole object than on destroying the nazi war machine. According to Mr. Pendar, "Frenchmen commented bitterly that he [de Gaulle] never made one anti-nazi speech: his speeches were directed solely against other French factions." He cites secondary evidence (not documentary proof) that all those fighting in Free French Forces were compelled to subscribe to the following oath: "I swear to recognize General de Gaulle as sole legitimate chief of Frenchmen and to engage myself in the work of making Frenchmen recognize him by employing if need be methods and ways similar to those I would have used against the Germans." More than six months after our landings in

*Adventure in Diplomacy: Our French Dilemma. Kenneth Pendar. Dodd. $3.00.

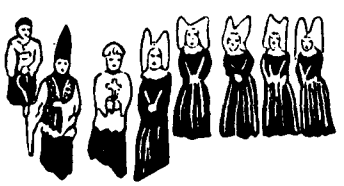
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Even better than his first great success . . . the canvas is broader and the treatment more deeply serious, though nowhere does he lose his delicacy and charm and lightness of touch"
The Commonweal

"There is little thunder but much light in this beautiful book . . . rich with human understanding and humor, . . . this quiet story, with its gentle wisdom, will appeal to many readers today . . ."
William Targ in *Chicago Daily News*

The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith



By BRUCE MARSHALL

Author of FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

At all bookstores. $2.50 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY PUBLISHERS

More than 600,000 copies have been sold, including Book-of-the-Month Club sales.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

North Africa, de Gaulle according to Mr. Pendar still "continued to insist that de Gaullists would never march with any French soldiers who had not sworn personal allegiance to de Gaulle."

That de Gaulle is arrogant and tiresomely touchy and that his personality did not commend itself to either Roosevelt or Churchill is by this time pretty generally conceded. But Mr. Pendar's charges are much more serious than that. He accuses de Gaulle of resorting to all manner of illegal tactics to consolidate his own power, many of which actually endangered the Allied war effort. The quotations he cites from de Gaulle's book, "Le Fil de l'Epee," published in 1932 and dedicated to, of all persons, Marshal Pétain, do seem to indicate that his mind worked principally along the guide-lines of power, nationalism, and militarism, but, then again, assuming the passages quoted are the most damaging in the book, they are hardly, if any, worse than passages which could be cited in the past writings of Churchill or of many other Allied leaders—and not even remotely in the class of those to be found in "Mein Kampf."

The strongest indictment against de Gaulle in this book is to be found in the quoted statements of such persons as General Odic, Admiral Muselier, Andre Girard, Henri de Kerillis and Etienne Boegner. They are interesting not so much because of the unfavorable opinions of de Gaulle that they contain, but because of their startling allegations of fact.

Having been one of the more ardent critics of the State Department's policy of "collaboration" with Vichy and of ignoring de Gaulle, I was particularly interested in the following two passages:

> De Gaulle's followers criticized us bitterly for not using their General or the Gaullist groups in our landings. We actually tried to do so but when our State Department asked André Philip, the head of de Gaulle's underground, if he could put us in touch with Gaullist groups in North Africa, Philip was forced to answer that they did not have a single "cell" there.
>
> After the Casablanca conference "Murphy had a long interview with de Gaulle. He officially invited de Gaulle at this time to take charge of North Africa . . . de Gaulle not only declined this invitation, but told Murphy . . . that he, de Gaulle, did not have enough influence to do this. He estimated that . . . only 10 percent of the North African French would support him.

Just as Mr. Sumner Welles's explanation of our Vichy policy forced me considerably to modify my previous conclusions on the subject, so have Mr. Pendar's revelations caused me to alter my opinion of that hard-working and apparently much-abused public servant, Robert Murphy. Mr. Pendar, although praising Mr. Murphy's work up to the time of the landing, sensibly points out that he should have been replaced thereafter, preferably by a high-ranking officer fresh on the scene and free from North African entanglements, for Murphy, because of his connections with the pre-landing underground, was handicapped by being personally beholden to them.

In looking back over Mr. Pendar's argument, I believe it is fair to say it contains two principal allegations: (1) de Gaulle heads a fascist movement; (2) We could and should have got rid of him. In my opinion neither of these statements is fully supported by the facts.

Let us take up the second point first. Assuming de Gaulle was as evil as he portrays him, Mr. Pendar does not show that we ever had any practical alternative to accepting him. He makes several recommendations as to how we could have thwarted his bid for power, but does not indicate whom we should have worked with in his place. He frequently speaks of the "American policy of keeping French politics out of the war"; of "our sound and simple idea of preserving France intact, so to speak, until elections could be held." Mr. Pendar himself correctly characterizes this policy several pages further on when he remarks "Honest and *inept,* Giraud quite sincerely thought that he could keep the home front in a state of suspense while he fought the war in Tunisia." (Italics mine). Mr. Pendar admits that "Giraud was far too slow in restoring Vichy-crushed civil liberties, in bringing back the Crémieux law giving Jews civil rights . . ."; that he "refused to get rid of the Nogueses and the Yves Chatels"; and when advised to do so, "always replied that he was busy with the war, that politics must wait."

Mr. Pendar, like Giraud, forgets that war and politics are inseparable, that the French like any other people must have a political ideal to fight for. Our policy, as he describes it, may indeed have been "simple," but it was not "sound." He speaks disparagingly of the "well organized and expert publicizing of de Gaullism," as a result of which "the de Gaullist minority seemed to grow under our very eyes . . .," but fails to grasp the secret of its success. Whether de Gaulle was a would-be dictator or not, the Gaullist press at all times made it abundantly clear that sovereignty must ever lie with the people. Hence de Gaulle's popularity.

This leads us back to the first of Mr. Pendar's main points, namely that de Gaulle heads a fascist movement. Now that free elections in France have demonstrated that de Gaulle is willing to abide by the will of the people, most of Mr. Pendar's dark forebodings on this score have become academic. For example, Mr. Pendar makes much of the fact that although de Gaulle promised in 1940 that he would establish democratic government in France in accordance with the provisions of the Treveneuc Law of 1872, when the occasion arrived, he seized power in direct contravention of the provisions of that law. Admittedly this was perhaps high-handed and afforded grounds at the time for suspecting de Gaulle of intending to execute a coup d'état and rule permanently by decree. However, in retrospect we can now see that this dreaded event was never to take place and that the French people today remain free to exercise their sovereignty via the ballot. Moreover the procedure provided by the Treveneuc Law would have proved extremely cumbersome and very likely costly in terms of much needed war-time unity.

Mr. Pendar asserts that many of the men around de Gaulle were former Cagoulards and on a par with gangsters. No doubt there were unscrupulous and unsavory elements among them, but he fails to mention persons such as Bidault (who readers of "L'Aube" can attest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The greatest power on earth

THE POWER OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE. There is nothing to match it . . . no power so terrible, none so wonderful. It is the one force greater than the sum of all its parts.

But people forget they have this power. They have to be reminded. That's what the rebels and radicals do . . . men like Tom Paine, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson.

In our day, such a man is Saul Alinsky. He believes in people. He believes that democracy can be made to work. This is the story of how he set about to prove it . . . a blow-by-blow account of a dirty, tough, heartbreaking battle. It is the inspiring story of a new American Revolution. It is also a handbook of action that outlines plans, principles, problems, organization, tactics and strategy.

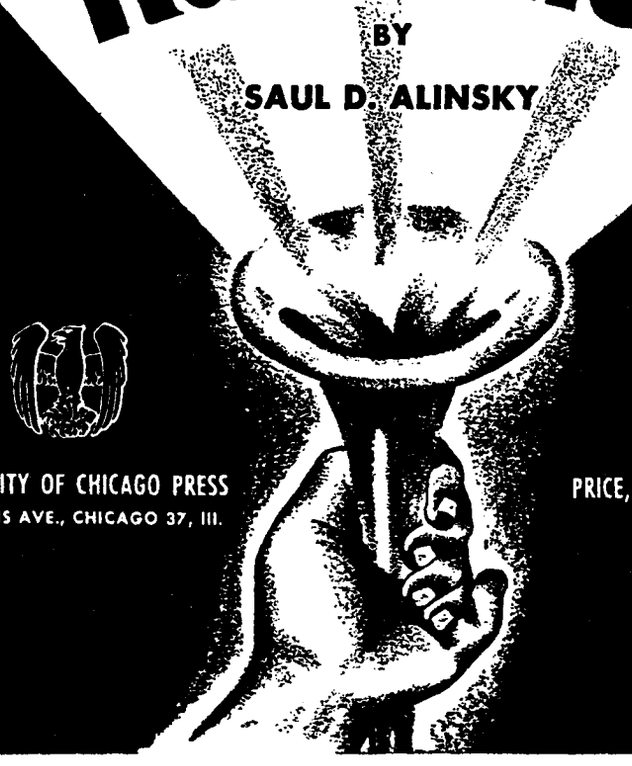
REVEILLE FOR RADICALS is the personal story of a brilliant criminologist and sociologist who left a profitable professional career to help America's poverty-stricken communities help themselves. He began his experiment in Chicago. He brought together the churches, business men, labor leaders, even local gangsters. He showed them that they could solve their common problems, from child delinquency to strikebreaking, from dirty alleys to dirty race relations, from housing to health to economic security. That was the beginning of *People's Organizations*. They grew from the cold bedrock of apathy to fiery power.

Now, in cities all over the United States, a quarter million people are forming other such organizations. The little people of America are once again on the march!

Reveille for Radicals

BY

SAUL D. ALINSKY



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 ELLIS AVE., CHICAGO 37, ILL.

PRICE, $2.50

First Reviews:

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "The message of this book is that the American Dream is real and achievable . . . that people have learned both their worth and their power in cooperation . . . Important and heartening."

CHICAGO SUN: "An explosive book, patiently written in burning heat . . . It is not a book for the complacent . . . A major American testament. I hope that ultimately the book will appear in every language known to the peoples of the world. For it not only sings of democracy, it tells the people how to achieve it."

MARSHALL FIELD: "I believe it to be a very important and very fine book which describes an experiment in democracy which has really worked and which can show the way to many other communities."

BISHOP BERNARD J. SHEIL: "A life-saving handbook for the salvation of democracy."

WALTER F. WANGER: "A tonic for our nation."

GARDINER HOWLAND SHAW: "The Twentieth Century realization of the dream of 1776."

AGNES E. MEYER: "This book will shake many Americans out of their selfish lethargy and show them how to become alert, informed, participating citizens."

BISHOP WILLIAM SCARLETT: "Extremely stimulating and exciting."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

which prepares its students for business or the professions. Exceptionally strong faculty. Fully accredited. Courses leading to B.A. or B.S. Degrees. Conducted by priests of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, assisted by lay Professors.

Address Registrar
COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS
St. Paul 1, Minn.

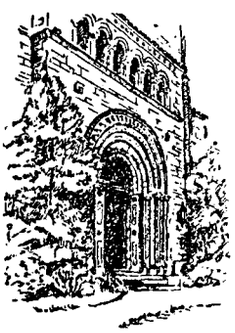
College of
CHESTNUT HILL

Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Approved by the Association of American Universities.

For further information write to the Registrar.



Prospective students should make early application.

SETON HILL COLLEGE

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Pre-Professional Training for Medicine, Law, and Social Service. Teacher Education.

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics

Accredited by Association of American Universities

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States

SOCIAL SERVICE

WANTED: Trained case workers and working supervisor. Agency is expanding its family and child welfare services. Good supervision and adequate salary based on training and experience. Transportation paid to San Francisco. Write Catholic Social Service, 995 Market St., San Francisco 3.

CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

DURING February non-subscribers are offered a special opportunity to get to know THE COMMONWEAL. A Catholic Press Month subscription blank appears on page 414 in this issue.

Special Trial Subscription **16 ISSUES FOR $1**

was never a fascist nor anything remotely like one) who today wield much more power than the shady characters cited by Mr. Pendar.

In short Mr. Pendar's greatest fault seems to be that he has fallen into precisely the error which he so bitterly abhors—namely attaching too much importance to the person of a leader—and too little to the movement behind him. Whether or not de Gaulle is what he believes him to be, the fact is that at all times Gaullist propaganda was democratic in character and ideology, and for that reason above all others won overwhelming popular support. Mr. Pendar sees in de Gaulle another Hitler, but he fails to perceive the essential differenc in the character of the movements supporting them. Hitlerism depended on the *fuehrer-prinzip* to bind it; Gaullism outwardly at least depended for its chief appeal on dramatizing the democratic ideal.

This book is sure to stir up controversy for it is the first published inside account of the violently-disputed North African episode by someone close to the scene. Whatever be its defects, its sincerity cannot be assailed and it will remain both an important and an extremely readable source-book for historical research. Although care must be taken in separating what is stated in it as fact from what is given as rumor or opinion, it contains much information which will serve as a useful corrective to the distorted picture many of us gained of the whole issue at the time. For example, how many of us have known that Bonnier de la Chapelle, the boy who shot Darlan and whose memory is revered by liberals the world over, far from having been a flaming liberal himself was a member of a royalist youth movement. And how many of us have known that the regular French army under Girard consisting of some 110,000 or so men throughout the North African campaign defended our long thousand-mile line of supplies and prevented the occurrence of a single act of sabotage, and that 70,000 of these troops fought with us all the way to Tunic suffering casualties in the amount of 11,000 dead and 5,000 wounded? In contrast with the exploits of the 5,000 no doubt equally brave but far better publicized Gaullists under General Leclerc, the sacrifices of the French regular army have remained practically unsung.

More Books of the Week

Lay My Burden Down: A folk history of slavery. Edited by B. A. Botkin. Chicago. $3.50.

ONE OF the best and most imaginative ideas any country ever had was the WPA. Whatever may be the arguments against it socially or economically or politically, artistically it was responsible for some of the best theater, writing, painting and music America has seen. Nothing the Soviets have done—except perhaps the Children's Theater—has shown greater vision than the Negro "Macbeth," "Murder in the Cathedral," or the State histories and guides. An Indian summer offering is Mr. Botkin's quite splendid selection of excerpts and complete narratives which he has integrated from the Slave Narrative Collection of the Federal Writers Project, and which is just now published. Mr. Botkin was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folklore editor of the Federal Writers Project, and then chief editor of the writers unit of the Library of Congress project. In his introduction Mr. Botkin provides an invaluable bibliography of first-hand slave stories. His own book is divided into stories of "mother wit," tall tales and tall talk, birds and beasts, anecdotes, etc., and then come the most moving verbatim accounts of the long road to freedom. "They worked, in a manner of speaking, from can to can't, from the time they could see until the time they couldn't. They do about the same thing now." These are archives, and this is as valuable a piece of historical documentation as Stubb's "Charters."

Passage to Glory—John Ledyard's America. Helen Augur. Doubleday. $3.00.

JOHN LEDYARD, son of a Connecticut sea captain, shipped in the fateful year 1776 with Captain Cook's expedition to explore the unknown North Pacific. The voyagers discovered Hawaii, traced the land bridge from Alaska to Asia, and landed on the coast of America (near Vancouver). Ledyard saw at once that the west coast was the back door to the American colonies and must belong to them. He returned to find the colonies an independent nation, and urged the merchants to open new trade routes round the Horn to the Pacific fur grounds and on to China. Ledyard, explorer and anthropologist, never got his chance to reach the Pacific coast again, but the young nation had a consul in China before it had a president.

Ledyard knew Jefferson, then American minister to Paris. His stories fed Jefferson's interest in the Louisiana territory and in the route followed later by Lewis and Clark. Jefferson urged Ledyard to cross Russia to Kamchatka, and start across the Pacific and the American mainland from west to east. Deep in Siberia Ledyard met Shelekhov, the fur trader who was directing Russian settlement in America from Alaska to California and including Hawaii. The Pacific was fast becoming a Russian lake. Though he had an imperial passport, Ledyard was suddenly arrested by order of the Empress and transported back to Europe and across the Polish border. The French Ambassador wrote Lafayette the real reason, Catherine's "unwillingness to have the new possessions of Russia on the western coast of America seen by an enlightened citizen of the United States."

The book is overwritten at points and sometimes quite unjust but it has an extraordinary timeliness. Though so different on the surface, the problem of today is the same as John Ledyard's. The men of the Revolution had a great vision of the world that opened before them, and faith in the power of individual Americans to influence it by courage and thought. That larger vision was lost in the Civil War. It is individuals with imagination and courage, like Ledyard's, who will bring the vision back.

EDNA LONIGAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

Max ASCOLI is a professor at the New School for Social Research and author of "Intelligence in Politics."

Frank and Betty RILEY send us this article from St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Riley recently returned from duty with the Navy in the Pacific.

Tim O'BRIEN, who has contributed from time to time articles dealing with unions and labor conditions, recently returned from overseas with the U. S. Army.

Eleanor CLARK is a New York writer.

James MacGregor BYRNE recently returned from serving in the American Embassy in Buenos Aires.

Edna LONIGAN writes articles and reviews for a number of periodicals.

Germany Is Our Problem

by

Karl Brandt

Human Events **Price 20¢**

DR. BRANDT, Professor of Agricultural Economics, Stanford University has given us a thoroughly Christian answer to our policy of hatred and revenge in Germany.

The starving of a whole nation—the devastation of the most highly industrialized area of Europe—these are destroying our only hope of world peace. Karl Brandt's facts and his thoughtful judgments are a conclusive refutation of even the practical expediency of our evil policy.

20c per copy 6 for $1.00 100 for $10.00

Coming! An Analysis of the United Nations Charter, by Felix Morley, with full text of the Charter!

Human Events Inc.
610 S. Dearborn Chicago 5, Illinois

What Can You Spare that *They* Can Wear?

● **Clothing that *you* may consider old can bring new life to suffering children and adults to whom war brought destitution and despair.**

Dig into your closets, attics and bureau drawers *today*. Get together *all* the clothing you can spare. Take it to your church, police station, or other local collection depot, immediately. *The more you do the better you'll feel.*

VICTORY CLOTHING COLLECTION
for Overseas Relief

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catholic Press Month

February is designated as the month for emphasis on the Catholic press in most American dioceses. And during this month The Commonweal again offers an especially generous introductory subscription offer.

The Commonweal has no official connection nor does it pretend to speak authoritatively for the Church. It is an independent journal edited by laymen and dealing primarily with the everyday concerns of the secular world. Does The Commonweal, then, tend to present each week a series of unrelated, inconsistent comments on important happenings of the day chosen at random? Or does the magazine, both by its selection of editorial and article topics and its comment, seek the establishment of a society in which justice, peace, charity and other socially desirable objectives have full sway.

These are days of great turmoil and basic change. February, 1946, is an excellent time to start reviewing with The Commonweal each week the leading changes and developments which bring us closer to, or farther from, the realization of a Christian social ideal.

Accept this special Catholic Press Month offer.

- -

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1. Please send the next 16 issues to:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

2/1/46

BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ Rate for your message: 50c a line. Three lines minimum space. Discounts 5% for 13 times, 15% for 52 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Boston 16, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York 21.

LANGUAGES

★ Dictionaries and Grammars for 102 Languages. *Catalog free.* SCHOENHOF'S Dept. CW. Harvard Square, Cambridge 38, Mass.

OUT OF PRINT CATHOLIC BOOKS

★ We buy and sell used and out-of print Catholic books. *Write for list.* AQUIN BOOK SHOP (formerly N. Y. C.), Emmitsburg, Maryland.

BOOK FINDING SERVICE

★ I will search for out-of-print books you want but can't locate. Catholic books a specialty. EDNA M. WALTER, 436 Columbus Ave., Boston 16, Mass.

BUY

UNITED STATES

SAVINGS BONDS

KEEP HOLDING

WAR BONDS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED